A TOKEN of ESTEEM TO DEPARTED WORTH!

OR, AN

EPISTLE

OF

SINCERE CONDOLENCE,

TO THE

Inhabitants of BRISTOL at large,

BUT TO

The Pariſhioners of TEMPLE in particular;

Occaſioned by the DEATH of

THEIR LATE WORTHY PASTOR,

The Rev. JOSEPH EASTERBROOK,

Many Years VICAR of TEMPLE, and ORDINARY of NEWGATE, in that City.

By the Rev. EDWARD BARRY, M. D.

CHAPLAIN to the late LORD BISHOP of KILDARE.

"*For one Star differeth from another Star in Glory.*"

1 Cor. ch. xv. v. 41.

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1791.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPISTLE, &c.

London, January 29th, 1791.

BRETHREN and CITIZENS,

THE long and ſevere indiſpoſition of our reverend friend, the late vicar of Temple, muſt for ſome time paſt, have foreboded to you the ſorrowful event of his death.

Indeed, ever ſince laſt ſummer, when he favoured me with his converſation and company, in this place, on a journey for his health, as likewiſe on his return to Briſtol,

the appearances of haſtening diſſolution were but too viſible, and he was ſenſible of it; nor would he allow his mind to be diverted from a knowledge of his ſituation: he knew that the hour of his departure was at hand, and talked concerning death with modeſt confidence, ſerenity, and joy! That viſit, I have but this moment read, was lately made, and I cannot ſuffer my eyes to ſleep, till I begin to offer you the immediate genuine and ſincere impreſſions of my heart on this occaſion; and it would have been more ſatisfactory to me, if diſtance and other circumſtances had allowed it, to have delivered from that pulpit he ſo worthily occupied, and from whence I have ſo often addreſſed you, what is now preſented to you with unfeigned condolence in this form. Gratitude for his numerous perſonal favours to me; eſteem and veneration for thoſe rare virtues which adorned his character, require

quire from me this honeſt tribute, due to his beloved memory; yet I recollect ſo well the ſentiments of his meek and humble mind, that could he behold this, or any other pen, attempting to reveal his worth, he would reſolutely check its progreſs: But now that he is no more, this well-meant letter to you, my friends, cannot offend.

But though gradually weaned as we have been, and taught to expect his death, yet ſince it has actually taken place, we feel the afflicting ſcourge, and cannot but indulge our grief: Of all tribulations, perhaps there is not one which more dejects the frame than the loſs of our dear and valuable friends—The tear will have her natural zeſt—Philoſophy cannot ſtop it—Religion will moderate it—let us then have recourſe to that.—Our Saviour did not chide the diſtreſs of Martha on account of her brother's death—he heard the querulous tongue of

ſorrow,

ſorrow, and beheld the pale cheeks of ſharp diſtreſs—the ſympathizing Jeſus wept! It is not wrong then in you to weep, "for our friend Lazarus is dead!"

Methinks a thouſand ideas alternately delight and agitate your minds—you picture to yourſelves his perſon, his innocent and endearing manners, his univerſal compaſſionate ſoul; for he has left on your ſtreets the traces of his charitable footſteps—but ah! that precious exiſtence is ſpared us no longer: Caſt your eyes on that unwelcome bier! and know that ſuch ſcarce goodneſs is there ſhrouded with death's awful mantle! No longer do you hear his plaintive interceding voice—thoſe eyes which ſo readily caught the looks of ſorrow and dejection, are for ever cloſed!—and thoſe feet, which ſo kindly ran their godly race, are now at reſt!

To

To hold out as an example to the living, the character of the dead, is, beſides our duty, grateful and encouraging: But, inaſmuch as actions are ſuperior to words, and the original is above the copy, by ſo much ſhall I fail in that attempt. The benign ſun has but for a few days only withdrawn his charming luſtre, and you feel at this moment the genial influence of his devoted rays.—The realities of his amiable life are yet too freſh in your memories to want any recital of them; and by endeavouring to give the world a faint deſcription of his exalted worth, your troubled minds would but ſurvey the tomb with more acute regret; and thus, inſtead of adminiſtering to your grief a balſam, I ſhould perchance inflame it: but forgive the generous pain; and though you diſcover but only one feature of his likeneſs, it will be a ſufficient bribe for you to endure the ſmart.

To

To you, then, among whom this illuſtrious Chriſtian was more particularly related by the offices of a paſtor:—*Your* loſs, I firſt of all, moſt ſeriouſly condole. The pariſh of Temple hitherto has been the favoured pariſh of your city: The memory of Mr. Catcott is not yet eraſed, nor can that of his ſucceſſor, my ſincere and reverend friend, while worth, piety and benevolence, are remembered within your walls!—In his miniſterial duties, you all well know, "that he was inſtant in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and, that "it was his meat and his drink to do the will of his Father in heaven." He was the faithful watchman, meſſenger and ſteward—he fed and premoniſhed the ſheep of Chriſt, and diligently ſought to bring back thoſe who were ſcattered abroad in the midſt of this naughty and tempeſtuous world—he went from houſe to houſe, preaching, exhorting, and praying, in his

very extenſive pariſh chiefly abounding with poor, he was more familiar with the tenements of *wretchedneſs*, *poverty*, and *ſickneſs*, than acquainted with the manſions of *eaſe*, *wealth*, and *pleaſantry*. Though without one exception as a parochial miniſter, he conſidered it his duty to viſit all, yet you among his pariſhioners who live in obſcure corners and lanes, and in garrets, you who have lain on the couch of penury and of pain, deſerted and deſpiſed! You happily knew his more *favourite* haunts!—your eyes ſoon beheld him, and "the bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon him."—With the depraved and the diſſolute he rather ſtudied the *prevention* of crimes, than applauded the puniſhment of them: for this good purpoſe he had very much at heart, what he always ſpoke of as eſſentially inſtrumental to it—a reformation in pariſhes:—For he conſidered, and is ſup-

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ported in that opinion by Dean Prideaux, that the abandoned and vicious manners of the lower claſs of people, might be greatly amended, if large pariſhes were *leſſened*, or at leaſt divided into certain diſtricts, and over each of them, an active inſtructing miniſter was to preſide, accurately to know as every pariſh miniſter ought, not merely the names, but the *avocations*, *circumſtances*, and *diſpoſitions* of all thoſe under his ſeparate and immediate inſpection: this our friend firmly thought would be no leſs ſalutary to the intereſts of morals and chriſtianity, than a moſt deſirable regulation for the police of our country:—All this he rightly contended, was impoſſible to be effected in a large populous, and over-grown pariſh, where the charge of it, excluſive of other duties, principally devolved on one man.—Thus far I have thought it but right to ſuggeſt a hint, which your good friend has ſo repeatedly wiſhed to be introduced to the world, and

pro-

properly noticed.—He ſaw the penitent tranſgreſſor, not with an accuſing but a forgiving eye, and to the miſchievous tales of detraction, this was the import of his anſwer, "He that is without fault among you, let him caſt the firſt ſtone;" and like his divine maſter he won the heart of the ſinner, by the parting tenderneſs of his reproof. "Go thy way and ſin no more." If there were any differences or diſputes, whether within or without his pariſh, a willing mediator was inſtantly found in him. The poor children of Temple have loſt in him a father and a friend. "They plucked his gown to ſhare the good man's ſmile." He was their daily beggar: by his unexampled and perſevering ſolicitations, there is erected nearly oppoſite the church, a handſome ſchool-houſe for their education.—Children yet unborn will riſe and call him bleſſed!

His private actions of charity and munificence were without number; for ſuch purpoſes he invariably ſet apart a conſiderable portion of his income. He lived for others, and was merciful to all but himſelf. Even that refreſhment which was ſo neceſſary to ſupport him under the complicated fatigues of his exertions, he denied to *himſelf*; but reſerved it for thoſe, whom he imagined ſtood in greater need of it. Bending as he did under a languid jaded body, you muſt have many a time looked on him, ſmiling as he went on the chearful errand of doing good. Go to the melancholy jail of Newgate, of which he was long the beloved ordinary.—How often has he told me, with the moſt compaſſionate cadence, that, "There was "the pulpit he moſtly delighted to ſpeak "from?—There (ſays he) is my poor delu-"ded congregation; Satan has betrayed "them. I cannot I will not give them up; "God may yet do great things for them."

—Pri-

—Priſoner! thou haſt bitter cauſe to mourn, thy dungeon was enlightened, when he was preſent, and even when away; thy hopes were cheriſhed by what he might be then doing on thy account.

Ah dejected debtor! who will now plead thy hard caſe, and combat for thy liberty? that tongue which ſucceſsfully ſpake for thee, can ſpeak no longer; thy friend is dead!

The lamentations of the widow and the fatherleſs, the ſighings of the poor priſoners, the hallelujahs of the pious, all unite together, and even the profaneneſs of wickedneſs itſelf, pauſes with reſpect, to join the mournful group, and deluge his ſacred earth with heart-felt tears!

His zeal for religion was *ſterling*, *chearful*, and *conſtant*; in friendſhip, he was determined, pleaſant and ſincere; and though the

ſervant

ſervant of all, he was afraid of none; he feared only to offend his God. If he was ſometimes too yielding to the tale of miſery, and his judgment even betrayed into error, it was only the extravagance of his humane propenſities: wilful tranſgreſſion of heart, I am proud to proclaim it, cannot be found in the long journal of ſo many years' labour, and various other tranſactions among you; and thoſe who would feign to whiſper blame, dare not imitate the fair copy of his life. While in the body he was too bright a conſtellation for many to approach, and therefore was ſhunned by the lowering downcaſt looks of *thoſe only*, "*the latchet of whoſe ſhoes they were not worthy to unlooſe.*" But now diſengaged from a weak mortal body, the ſoul has taken her welcome flight to heaven.—There ſhe is applauded and careſſed by God and angels, and juſt men made perfect.

Soon ourſelves muſt go to our native bed —the Grave! Every moment wings the

time! and if we desire "to die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his"—let us learn to imitate his ways! Soon will the thrilling trump of God's archangels sound its awful notes, when even the mouldering graves must give up their sacred trust, to honour that command, "*Come to judgment.*" Then will the derided and the insulted Galilean sit on his majestic throne, before whose presence assembled worlds must stand!—May the mercies of an atoning Redeemer fit us for this grand and solemn meeting! and accept my friends as some abatement of your present sorrows, that if like our departed brother, you seek to be clothed with the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness and zealous of every good work, that for every minute you regret his absence on earth. You will be recompensed with an *eternity* of his society in that heavenly mansion where we shall meet to part no more — and receive another consolation,

that

that our "loſs is truly his gain!"—To that God therefore, in whoſe ſervice he ſo much delighted, in whoſe vineyard he ſo fervently laboured, and in whoſe hands the angelic ſpirit was commended, may that God ſo enable us "to fight the good fight of faith, and finiſh our courſe, that henceforth there may be laid up for us a crown of righteouſneſs!"

Farewell,

Your friend and ſervant,

No. 61, Titchfield Street, Mary-le-Bone.

EDWD. BARRY.

15 JY 64

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